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The Tramp.

(Mrs. S. A. Siewert, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

The afternoon was sultry, the congregation small—consisting of only four women, two girls and three men.

The minister, a young man just out of college, arose in the desk with a languid air, as if undecided whether to attempt to preach, or dismiss the audience and go home.

He decided in favor of the former, and as the first hymn was being sung, one other person came—a man of rather rough appearance, who entered hesitatingly, and took a seat near the door.

As the young minister opened the Bible to read the lesson, a pitying smile flitted over the stranger's face. He cast a quick glance over the small congregation and soliloquized, 'I'd tramp it, afore I'd make a livin' preachin' to such a congregation.'

The next moment, however, he was listening to the Scripture lesson, losing thought of the reader, in the interest he felt in what was being read.

'"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well. Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient ye shall eat the good of the land."'

'May the Lord bless the reading of His Word,' reverently said the minister, as he turned to the hymn book to announce the second hymn.

When it had been sung, and the others knelt in prayer, the stranger arose, intending to pass out unobserved, but seeming to change his mind, took his seat again, his elbows resting on his knees, paying no particular attention to the prayer until the supplicating voice with a deep touch of unmistakable sympathy said, 'And grant, blessed Lord, an especial blessing upon the stranger within our gates to-day. May Thy presence go with him where he goes, and Thy love and mercy overshadow him where he stays, and may his life in this world be a constant preparation for the life eternal.'

Two large tears stole from under his closed eyelids and fell upon the floor. With a sort of savage stroke he dried his cheeks with his grimy hand.

'Plague take it! What'd I come in here for, anyhow?' he growled under his breath and made an impatient movement at the close of the prayer, as if to go; but the pleasant voice of the minister announcing the text arrested his attention. It read, 'Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die.'

Having noted the interest with which the reading had been listened to, the minister indulged in a hope that his sermon might benefit the stranger, but he had only said, 'This is a message to be heeded by every one of us,' when the newcomer suddenly arose and passed out of the door.

He tramped along for several hours until the heat seemed unbearable, and the sight of the dusty road seemed to increase the terrible pain in his head. Creeping through a fence he lay down in the cool shadow of a stack of straw.

Lying there, he seemed to hear again the words: 'May Thy presence go with him where he goes, Thy love and mercy overshadow him.'

'Fine company the Lord'd have walkin' 'long side o' me, trampin' the country,' he said, aloud, trying to make light of both the words and his feelings. He failed in the attempt, for, as though a voice were whispering in his ear, he heard the other words, 'Wash you, make you clean; cease to do evil, learn to do well.'

'Yes,' he soliloquized, 'afore that young feller's prayer could be answered, I'd have to clean up a bit, sure, afore I'd be fit for such high-toned company as he mentioned.'

The voice continued, 'Set thy house in order.'

'I'm in luck this time,' he said, with a grin. 'Ain't got any house, so don't need to— Le's see, what was the rest of that Scripter? I orter know. When I was in Sunday school I learned the hull chapter. It's Isaiar.'

'For thou shalt die,' prompted the inner voice.

His heart gave a sudden throb. A momen-

(From 'The Good Shepherd,' Blackie & Son, Glasgow).

The Shepherd and the Lost Sheep.

O tender shepherd! climbing rugged mountains,
And wading waters deep,
How long wouldst thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?

'I count no time,' the shepherd gently answered,
'As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting
Is just—until I find.

'And that would be the limit of my journey,
I'd cross the waters deep,
And climb the hillsides with unfailing patience
Until I found my sheep.'

—Anna Temple.

tary startled look passed over his face. He sat upright, staring into the gathering gloom. At once, as if to emphasize his sudden awakening, the words of Richard Trent, taught him in childhood, but long unthought of, came clearly to his mind, and he repeated them aloud with a distinctness and meaning startling to himself:

'"Thou inevitable day,
When a voice to me shall say,
Thou must rise, and come away;
All thine other journeys past,
Gird thee, and make ready fast
For thy longest, and thy last
Day, deep hidden from my sight
In impenetrable night,
Who may guess of thee aright?
Art thou distant, art thou near?
Wilt thou seem more dark, or clear?
Day with more of hope, or rear?
Wilt thou come unseen, before
Thou art standing at the door,
Saying, "Light and life are o'er"?"'

Touched deeply by the sentiment expressed in his own voice, he bowed his head, while tears coursed down his cheeks, and continued:

'"Little skills it where, or how,
If thou comest then, or now,
With a smooth, or angry brow;—
Come thou must, and I must die."'

Then, with clasped hands, and eyes uplifted to heaven, he prayed:

'"Jesus, Saviour, stand Thou by,
When death's sleep shall seal my eye."'

'Father, I went out to feed the cattle, and found a tramp under the straw stack. He seems to be very sick, and begged me to bring him a drink of water. Shall I not take him some breakfast? The poor fellow can hardly raise his head.'

'A tramp! Set the dogs on him! I'll warrant he's not so sick but he can run. Just shamming, I'll be bound, bent on some mischief,' answered the farmer with much warmth.

'Nay, nay, father,' interposed the kind Quaker wife.' Thou art not so stern. Thou wilt not drive the prodigal from thy door—for I doubt not that he is some father's prodigal.'

'I will go with thee, son, and we will carry a lovely breakfast to the poor man, be he knight or knave.'

The sick man eagerly drank the water, but refused the food, and after a vain effort to rise and comply with the woman's request to 'come to the house and be made comfortable,' he fell back upon the straw, struggling for breath.

When he could speak he said: ''Tain't no use, mum,—thanks to ye just the same. Ye see, it's all off with me, fur as this life's concerned. If ye please, lad, I'd like ye to tell the boy as read the Scripter in the schoolhouse yesterday, as how my house is all cleaned up now 'thout any littel left, and—and with increasing difficulty, I've got—the—high-toned—company what—he prayed for. Been— washed—made clean—so as— he—doesn't seem—a-ashamed of me.'

'Thou art a Christian, then? Thank God for that,' fervently said the Quakeress.

'No, mum—no, no!' he quickly replied, 'a sinner—oh, a miserable—wicked—sinner, but He's with me.

'"Jesus, — Saviour,— stand— Thou— by when-n—"'

A fixed gaze came into the eyes, the voice hushed as if interrupted by some sudden change of sight or thought; a slight struggle, a whispered prayer from the lips of the Quakeress, and she gently closed the sightless eyes, saying as she did so:

'Thou seest, son, he was one of the Lord's wilful prodigals, that is why he dies poor and friendless, but at the last moment he seems to have started home, and the loving Father met him while yet a long way off, and restored him to his place. The Lord keep thee, lad, from ever wandering.'

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Worship.

By all means use sometimes to be alone,
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear,
Dare to look in thy chest, for it's thy own:
And tumble up and down what thou findst there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out-of-door his mind.
When once thy foot enters the church, beware:
God is more there than thou, for thou art there
Only by His permission; then beware
And make thyself all reverence and fear,
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings; quit thy state;
All equal are within the church's gate.
Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither,
Christ purged His temple; so must thou thy heart,
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy acting well,
For churches either are our heaven or hell.
—George Herbert.

Compensations of the Common-place.

(Martha Clark Rankin, in 'Christian Work and Evangelist.')

Most of us are commonplace. We don't like it, but we can't help it. We should like to be distinguished in some way,—to have wealth, or beauty, or great power, or talent, or genius. We find it hard not to envy those who have unusual gifts, those on whom are showered many blessings, and up to whom the world is looking with admiration. Many of us probably hope some day to realize these ambitions, to stand at the top, the cynosure of all eyes, instead of, as at present, in an inconspicuous place among the crowds. Alas! most of us are doomed to disappointment. From the very nature of things, we must remain through life commonplace, average, ordinary mortals; but we have no reason to deplore this fact nor to be made unhappy by it.

'There is plenty of room on top,' says the old adage. But is there? Is not a summit always limited in its area? And are not the high places of the world very few in comparison with the many ordinary ones? The knowledge of this ought not to discourage us nor prevent us from doing out best work. 'No failure but low aim is crime.' Let us strive for the top with all our strength, but if, after our best efforts, we still find ourselves far from the summit, let us be happy on the lower level where there are many things to enjoy which are never found on the heights. There are many compensations in being commonplace.

To begin with, we have the joy of friends whose experiences are like ours, and whose ability is not equal to anything more than we have attained. We belong to the multitude. We are not isolated and alone as one necessarily must be who has mounted higher than his fellows. Our ordinary commonplace life gives us an understanding of the lives of those about us, which would be impossible if our gifts and attainments were far beyond theirs, and hence our opportunities for helpfulness are very great. This is a prime cause for thankfulness. 'What do we live for, if not to make life less difficult to others?'

If we study the lives of geniuses, or of the very rich, we shall not find them the happiest lives. It has been said that 'the happiest nations are those that have no histories,' and what is true of the nation often seems to be true of the individual. The common lot is the happiest one. What a wise provision this is which places happiness within the reach of all.

Then commonplace people have an opportunity to be heroes. Does this seem like a paradox? Surely there is nothing heroic in the life of a man who has all earthly blessings and who knows that the applause and admiration of the world are always his. It is easy to work when the result is sure to meet recognition and praise. The hard thing is to do one's duty with the knowledge that the work will not be appreciated nor even noticed; that it will be taken as a matter of course never praised, perhaps even censured. There is a heroism in working faithfully, patiently and cheerfully day by day, without a thought of praise or reward, that redeems and glorifies a commonplace life and makes it a nobler thing than some of the heroisms which the whole world applauds. When we are inclined to envy a hero, let us remember that a commonplace life may be the most heroic life of all—the more commonplace, the greater the opportunity of heroism.

And let us remember always that we are a part of God's great plan, that to live nobly and courageously is just as important for us as for the greatest man that ever lived. 'Thou comest not into thy place by accident. It is the very place God meant for thee.'

A Large Tree.

The largest grape vine in the world is growing in the Carpinteria valley, twelve miles east of Santa Barbara, Cal., and is called Lo Para Grande. It was started from a cutting sixty-one years ago by a young Spanish woman, Dona Ayala. It is eight feet four inches in circumference at its base, and one of the horizontal branches measures more than three feet in circumference. The trellis covers about a third of an acre, and sixty heavy posts support it. The vine produces as many as five thousand bunches annually, at a conservative estimate, and in good years many clusters measure 12 to 15 inches in length, and weigh six to eight pounds. Its owner estimates that in 1895 the vine yielded ten tons of grapes.—Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

Bishop Thorold once found himself face to face with a pillar, obstructing his view of the congregation. On returning to the vestry he said very quietly: 'There are some advantages in preaching to a pillar: it doesn't yawn, it doesn't cough, and it doesn't take out its watch.'—'Sunday Companion.'

Thinkers.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER VI.

It was quite impossible for blithe, light-hearted Alice Hayes to stop long indoors on that eventful summer's day. So after having regaled 'Liza and the cook with a full, true, and particular account of the afternoon's ceremonies, she donned her hat again, and went forth to compare notes with her chosen friend, Jennie Bardsley, over a quiet cup of tea.

As the Bardsley family are bound to have much to say and do in this drama of real life, it will be well to have them before us once for all. Old Richard Bardsley—Ricky Bardsley was the name by which he had been known in his own generation—was a drysalter of established name and position in Netherborough. His business had been built up by himself, and in such vigorous fashion that when the old man died his three sons found it good enough and strong enough to maintain all three of them, and so they went into partnership.

Of the three brothers Bardsley, Richard, the elder, was a clever business man, and had he been as steady as he was capable, it is hard to say to what pitch of prosperity the business might not have attained. Keen, pushing, energetic, with a quick eye to see an advantage, and ready skill to lay hold of it when it was got, Richard Bardsley, as a manager, was worth his weight in gold. Rather, let me say, would have been, if only he had been independent of the curse of Netherborough, which, through three generations of hard drinkers, still held the Bardsleys more or less in its dread hereditary grip. But Richard and his second brother, Henry, were jovial fellows; free-handed and free-hearted; and as capital boon companions, were ever in request. Both of them were strong, substantial, vigorous young fellows physically, and, though neither of them was remarkable either for strength of mind or extent of knowledge outside the mysteries of drysalting, and the sale of it, they were a couple of 'likely young fellows,' and great favorites with the 'set' with which they had socially allied themselves.

Walter Bardsley, the youngest brother, was quite different. Slight in build, and somewhat short in stature, he offered quite a contrast to his more robust brothers. I do not doubt that he possessed a fair measure of business capability, but he thought a good deal less about the trade than they did, and contented himself with the round of duty that came with every day, with no great desire to increase its scope. You had but to look at his thoughtful eyes, his broad intellectual brow, his whole face indeed, to perceive how completely the material in him was dominated by the mental, and how the moral held them both in check.

Walter had been a member of Mr. Norwood Hayes' Bible class, which had met for many years in the larger vestry of Zion Chapel. Then it was that the lad began to admire Mr. Hayes, and begin the process of devotion, that ended in little less than idolatry. Walter was well read; for all the stores of Mr. Hayes' well-stocked library had been placed at his disposal. Books were not much in the Bardsley's line, and the family book-case was ominously innocent of volumes, either of instruction or recreation. While he was still in his teens, Walter had come under the influence of that splendid soul, and noble pioneer in the great Temperance movement, Robert Gray Mason. He 'signed the pledge,' and at the date we come to know him, he was a staunch and devoted supporter of the small and feeble Total Abstinence Society, which, like Mrs. Partington's mop before the Atlantic waves, was trying to sweep away the curse of Netherborough. It was a day of small things; still, all honor to the bold and faithful few, though their success was small.

The three brothers Bardsley had two sisters, Annie and Jane. The former was, to all intents and purposes, the mistress of the household, for as yet, none of them had ventured to bind themselves in matrimonial bonds. It is true that the mother, widow of Ricky Bardsley, was still nominally at the head of affairs, but the old lady had been practically superseded by her eldest daughter. She was still 'consulted,' but as she could seldom leave her chair without assistance, nothing very serious came of that.

Jane Bardsley, or Jennie, as she was called, was at once the youngest daughter and the youngest child. She was a bright, sprightly, and charming young woman of twenty.

The Bardsleys lived on the business premises, which were situated quite in the central position of the High Street, and not far from the place where the imposing block, owned by Mr. Norwood Hayes, quite put the old-fashioned drysalting establishment into the shade. To this latter, as I have said, came Miss Alice Hayes to see her friend, who, young lady-like, greeted her with much effusion. Miss Jennie had been a delightful observer of the bouquet incident.

'Why, Alice, you just looked lovely,' she said, 'and you went through it as easily as though you had been presenting bouquets for a month, to get your hand in. I saw Walter watching you. I tell you, he was that proud, the dear silly goose, that he stood a full inch higher in his shoes at the thought that you belonged to him!'

'O, nonsense,' said Alice deprecatingly, but blushing with pleasure, nevertheless. 'I don't belong to him yet, and, maybe I never shall, who knows.'

'Yes, dearie, who knows,' echoed Jennie in a low tone, and half checking a sigh the while.

'What's that mean,' said Alice quickly. 'Is it for me or yourself? If for me, don't trouble. I've faith in "my ain true laddie." If for yourself,' continued the chatty maiden, running on as usual, 'I saw Reuben Stanford in the crowd this afternoon; but he looked so strange—'

Alice paused in dismay, for the beautiful girl to whom she spoke blushed hotly to the very roots of her hair; then she turned pale as the white roses pinned at her breast, then her chin dropped upon the roses, large tears flowed down her face, and her lips quivered with a speechless ache of heart. The curse of Netherborough was again at work on 'that glorious day.'

Regretful Alice bit her lip in her vexation. She might have known; she ought to have known what it was that made Reuben Stanford 'look so strange.' When the tongue runs over fast, says the old proverb, it runs over far, and Alice's had a very free flow, though mainly a harmless one. She sought to turn the current of conversation.

'Are your brothers going to the banquet to-night?' She knew they were, but she must say something.

The only answer she got was a weary sigh, and a half-hopeless look, and the words,

'I hope he won't be there.'

And yet Reuben Stanford, 'the handsome Vet,' as he was called, was just the sort of 'social acquisition' that is always in great request at such gatherings as these. Never a finer young fellow passed through the halls of the Veterinary College than Reuben Stanford. Physically, mentally, and in the main, morally, he was every inch a man. This bright young man, who had won the heart of sweet Jennie Bardsley, seemed to win the hearts of all. No club, no public dinner, no charity ball, no anything of a social nature in or around Netherborough, could be called complete without the presence of the genial, witty, handsome Reuben Stanford. This is the sort of man who is pressed to go on to perilous ground for other people's enjoyment and his own danger. These are they who come to be sympathetically spoken of as 'nobody's enemy but their own'; but, alas, they have enemies by the hundred, and these are their so-called 'social friends!' Friends who worship with them at church on Sunday, and on Monday help to send them to the devil, the grimmest devil that hunts for the souls of men!'

Jennie Bardsley had a terrible heartache; this brought on a terrible headache.

And why? What was the cause of her grief? Only this, good Christian friends,—Mr. Norwood Hayes was coming along the street that morning just before luncheon time. At his office door he met the Vicar and Reuben Stanford. The former had an ailing carriage horse; the 'handsome Vet.' had been to see it, and both were now on their way to Bardsley Brothers for the healing drugs required.

'Good morning, Vicar,' said Mr. Hayes, who,

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as we have already seen, was in unusually cheerful trim that morning. 'Come and lunch with me in my private room, I want to talk to you about this afternoon's programme. Come along.'

'Thanks,' said the Vicar who had pleasant memories of Mr. Hayes' little luncheons at the business office, 'but stay, no, I must go with Stanford, here, who is—'

'Nonsense,' said the genial merchant, 'You'll come, too, won't you, Stanford? You've often promised; now you shall.'

Of course, on such a day, a bottle of champagne must make the meeting merry; and all three 'enjoyed it in moderation.' Who shall say them nay; shall there be no more cakes and ale? Shall ginger no longer be 'hot i' the mouth?' Small blame to you, Mr. Norwood Hayes. And you, O worthy Vicar, what law, canonical or otherwise, shall condemn you?

Reuben Stanford, by the very fact that the others were most moderate and abstemious, was thrust into greater peril. 'You really must not leave a half-emptied bottle,' Mr. Hayes had said. 'We must finish it. Here Vicar, take another glass.'

'Not a drop more,' said the Vicar, extending a deprecatory palm.

'Then you must, Stanford, eh?' said the genial host.

And Stanford did! Yes, and did not seem any worse for it. He and the vicar went on to Bardsley's. There Mr. Bartley, having obtained the required drugs, left him, and so it came to pass that young Stanford was left to his evil genius in the person of jovial Dick Bardsley, with whom he must drink prosperity to the new railway about to be inaugurated that day. The drink appetite which had been kept laid and latent in Stanford for well nigh a month of hardly-kept resolve, was fully roused, and thus it came about that Reuben Stanford 'looked so strange' at the ceremony of the turning of the first sod; and thus it was that the heart of the fair and innocent Jennie was sore with grief and anguish, that her cheeks were wet with bitter tears, and her soul was tortured by an agony of apprehension and nameless dread.

CHAPTER VII.

At the aristocratic hour of seven, the guests assembled at the 'Netherborough Arms,' filed into the large club-room of the inn, and sat down to dinner. If the plain and simple-going folks of the town had not been otherwise instructed, they would have called it supper, and would have regarded the hour as quite late enough for that. What matter? A supper by any other name will taste as good if proper care be taken as to the provisions and the cook.

In this case there could be no question about either. The 'Netherborough Arms' had a reputation to maintain, a county character to uphold, and everyone employed in the kitchen on that day were Yorkshire hands. The

SUCCESS OF THE YORK AND NETHERBOROUGH RAILWAY.

guarantee for the quality of the dinner could, of course, no further go.

A bygone dinner is as of little present interest as a last year's nest. It is enough to say that Yorkshire appetite did abundant justice to Yorkshire fare, and that the 'Netherborough Arms' not only kept, but even added to, the laurels it had already won.

Of course, there was wine, the 'red, red wine,' and white, too, and champagne. It is pretty safe to say that fifty years ago a public dinner without wine would have been as rare a thing as a wedding without a ring, and would have been regarded as quite as incomplete. Even in these days, the average Briton at a 'celebration dinner' is quite as great a fool as his forefathers, and never forgets to pour out his libations in strong drink to whatever god or demi-god may be chosen to receive the honors of the day. That would not matter so much if only the votaries, after the fashion of some ancients, poured the liquor on the ground. They pour it into themselves, and many of them find themselves at the last where the liquor ought to be!

I am not in a position to say anything as to the quality of the wine which graced the table at the Netherborough dinner; but I have no doubt that, as in these days, there was sherry compounded, say, of red currants and alum, port expressed from the finest blackberries and logwood chips, and champagne, whose parentage could be traced to gooseberry bushes. All of them adulterated with more or less of the real article, or some other form of alcohol even more potent and deleterious. So long as the alcohol is there—'the thing,' as the droughty Scotchman said, 'that spins a wee, an' then sets a' things spinnin' mair an' mair' —the rest is a mere detail not to be curiously inquired into.

I can, however, produce a witness, at second-hand, as to the character of the liquors on that great day. On the following day a cluster of loungers, it seems, were standing, as was their custom, at Church Corner. One of them was speaking in envious terms of the happy condition in which some of the 'gentlemen' were taken home from the dinner in the small hours of the morning. George Caffer, the painter, who was present, together with his boon companion, Phil Lambert, began to make excuse for them. Geordie was always ready to excuse lapses of that kind, and was equally ready to 'lapse' himself when he had the chance.

'Why, is there ony wonder?' he said. 'It isn't of'en that folks hev' a chance like that. Them that teks's wine ev'ry day don't get that kind o' wine ev'ry day, because, don't yo' see, their pockets couldn't stand it. Why, somebody as was there tell'd Phil Lambert, and Phil Lambert tell'd me, that some of it was such first-class stango that it knocked yo' ower like nine-pins a'most before you knew where yo' was!'

As Geordie uttered these stirring words, he nodded again and again in affirmation of the story.

But to return to the dinner. Of course Mr. Huddleston took the chair at the subsequent proceedings. He did offer to give way in favor of the young Lord Seaton; but that youthful nobleman looked so cowed and frightened at the very thought, that in sheer pity for him the railway monarch ended his troubles and took his own appointed place. Lord Thaxendale's heir fanned his heated face with his 'kerchief as he took his seat beside him, and turning to his next neighbor, he said, in tones which told of the tremor he had felt,

'Really, don't you know, Mr. Huddleston shouldn't come—ah—down on a fellow—ah—like that. It's very exciting; it is really—ah don't you know?' The force of his lordship's eloquence was exhausted, and he would gladly have taken a glass of wine there and then to get himself pulled together again. That, however, he could not do. The 'health of the Queen' had to be attended to first.

What a magnificently hale and vigorous woman her Majesty ought to be, considering the oceans of strong liquor which had been poured down the throats of her loyal subjects as a libation to the gods on her behalf. Under the guidance of the chairman, the whole company went through this too customary tomfoolery, in which Tom Fool is outdone in his own peculiar province; and every individual toast-drinker becomes a momentary candidate for the cap and bells. That, at any rate, was old Aaron Brigham's estimate of the matter. Returning from 'Zion' chapel that night, where he had been attending the weekly prayer-meeting—that was his mode of celebrating the 'great day'—somebody asked him jocosely if he would not like to drink the Queen's health at the banquet then proceeding.

'I wish the Queen, health, long life, and as much prosperity as is good for her, wi' all my heart.' said Aaron; 'an' what's mair, I pray for it; but how ony sane body can "drink" it, I can't understand; an' specially to drink it i' that that's knocked both kings an' queens over like nine-pins before they've lived oot half their days, an' is doin' the same wi' thousands o' their subjects until the whole land, from end to end, is becoming like the Potter's Field, a field o' blood! It's all a device o' the devil to mek drinkin' patriotic an' respectable. Wine is just aboot the most profitable part of his stock-i'-trade, an' toast-drinking, as folks call it, is one of his sample-traps for securin' big orders.'

(To be Continued.)

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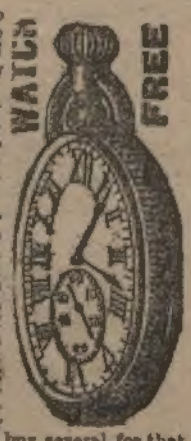

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Christ's Lambs.

Beloved children—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. His arm was stretched out on the cross, and His bosom was pierced with a spear. That arm is able to gather you, and that bosom is open to receive you. Hear what is said about Him in Is. xl., 11, 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.'

That means, does it not, that Jesus has a flock? 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.' Every shepherd has a flock,' and so has Christ. I once saw a flock in a valley near Jerusalem, and the shepherd went before them, and called the sheep, and they knew His voice, and followed Him. I said, 'This is how Jesus leads His sheep.'

Then His flock is a little flock.—Hear what He says, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom' (Luke xii., 32). Pray to be among the little flock. Look at the world—twelve hundred millions of men, women, and children, of different countries, color, and language, all

journeying to the judgment-seat. Is this Christ's flock? Ah, no! Eight hundred millions never heard the sweet name of Jesus; and of the rest, the most see no beauty in the Rose of Sharon. Christ's is a little flock. Look at this town. What crowds press along the streets on a market-day! What a large flock is here! Is this the flock of Christ? No. It is to be feared that most of these do not belong to Christ; they do not bear His likeness; they do not follow the Lamb now, and therefore will not follow Him in eternity. Look round the Sabbath schools. What a number of young faces are there! How many beaming eyes! How many precious souls! Is this the flock of Christ? No, no. The most of you have hard and stony hearts—the most of you love pleasure more than God—the most of you love sin, and lightly esteem Christ. Is this true of you, dear children?

Then the sheep of Christ's flock are all marked.—In almost every flock the sheep are marked, that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is, that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So every one of Christ's sheep has two marks. One mark is made with the blood of Jesus. Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin—was altogether filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus, and washed there. They are all like sheep 'come up from washing.' They can all say, 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood' (Rev. i., 5). Have you this mark? Look and see. Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit. This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep, in the bosom, where the eye of man cannot look. It is wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit, for He comes and dwells in the hearts of all those that believe. 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' But to those who believe in Jesus, God gives the Holy Spirit as a seal. Men fix their seal, or put their mark, on certain things, to show that these things belong to them. So God marks or seals His children. Oh! dear children, may these two marks be yours!

Next Christ's sheep keep together; they are a 'flock.'—All sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds say that you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always with one another. Especially in the dark and cloudy day do they love to pray together, to sing together, to hide in Christ together.

Little children, make companions of these that fear God. I remember one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ's fold. There was a lad with whom he was intimate. This boy one day began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this, he told him that he must never again come into his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. He said that he would soon see some marks which would show him that he was better. And what marks will you know it by?' 'I think,' said he, 'the biggest mark will be that he loves God.'

Second, Jesus cares for His lambs—does He not? For we read that 'He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.' Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling, the lambs are not able to go far; they often grow weary, and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them, and lays them in his bosom. Such a Shepherd is the Lord Jesus; and saved children are His lambs. He gathers them with His arm, and carries them in His bosom. Many a guilty lamb He has gathered and carried to His father's house.

Before He came into the world, Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the holy place, near where the ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry, 'Samuel!' He did not know the voice. It came to him three times. But Eli told him it was the Lord's voice. So when a fourth time (how often Christ will call little children) the voice cried, 'Samuel, Samuel!' Then Samuel answered, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!' Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with His arm, and carried him in His bosom. 'For, Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him, and the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh' (I. Sam. iii.)

Little children, pray that the same Lord would reveal Himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die—not too young to be judged; and therefore not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that He would reveal Himself to you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. A former Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption when a boy, which ended in his death. When the end approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words—'And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king.'

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb whom Jesus gathered and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with Him where He is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, 'His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me;' and sometimes on these, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms.' She said, she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought that she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, 'I am very happy at that.' She said she could not love Jesus enough here; that she would like to be with Him, and then she would love Him as she ought.

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find him. Pray to be gathered with His arm, and carried in His bosom. Take hold of the hem of His garment, and say, I must not—I will not let thee go except thou bless me.—The Rev. R. M. McCheyne, (Abridged), in the 'Children's Messenger.'

The Companionable Girl.

A companionable girl is one who is good company. But what makes her so?

After goodness of heart and true uprightness of character, which always comes first, she must be an agreeable girl. It is possible for disagreeable people to be really good and conscientious at heart, while having unpleasant ways, but it is a thousand pities not to be pleasant besides. 'Why can't all good people be nice?' inquired a vexed young person after coming in contact with one who was really good but not gracious.

To be agreeable means to be ready to agree, to be of the same mind. Yet, if all people thought exactly the same thing, it would be excessively stupid. To agree has the better meaning of to harmonise, and you know that two colors, quite different from each other, may go very well together. They harmonise.

The companionable girl is sociable. If she is glum and grumpy, she is a poor companion. She likes to tell her own experience, but she does not make it a point to keep at it continually, and never let her neighbor have a chance to tell hers. A good talker should be a good listener, and then she will command listeners the better herself.

The companionable girl is sympathetic and has tact. If her friend is in trouble or perplexity, she does not tattle in a lively fashion about everything under the sun for which the other does not care, but adapts herself to her companion's mood.— 'Australian Christian World.'

The Boys we Need.

(Ebin E. Rexford, in the 'S.S. Messenger.')

Here's to the boy who is not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who is never by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
The lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
'Right always wins the day.'

Showing Himself Friendly.

'Here comes Mr. Sanctimonious Goody goody,' called out Alf Bertly one morning, as he caught sight of Ben Fowler at the schoolhouse gate. What a pity that George Washington is dead! They would flock together so nicely; none of the rest of us are good enough company for Ben.'

Ben's face flushed, but he answered good-humoredly.

'What's the matter between you two fellows?' asked Bill Emmons.

'Why, Ben thinks it is an awful crime in us to take Farmer Bates' hens off the roost for our yearly supper.'

'Pshaw, Ben, is that all?' said Bill, 'Why, Mr. Bates will not know the difference. He has too many to miss what we take.'

'He would give them to us if we asked for them,' said Ben.

'Only that would spoil it,' interposed Alf; 'we should not have the sport of picking out a dark night, and getting out of bed at midnight, and all meeting at the big horse chestnut in the Bates' lane, and stealing into the coop, and'—

'And then stealing out,' ended Bill with a laugh; 'I suppose that is where the trouble is, isn't it Ben?'

'If a tramp did it, they would call it that,' said Ben. I don't see why it should only be 'sport' for gentlemen's sons.'

'Look here, Ben,' said Bill. 'I'm sorry that you should get this notion in your head; you've been a tremendously good fellow, and we don't want to count you out.'

'I am afraid you will have to,' said Ben, a little dismally. He did hate not to be in with the rest.

Ben turned toward the schoolhouse, but had only gone a few steps, when he stopped and wheeled round.

'I am willing to do what I can to accommodate you, so I will offer you a bargain and meet you half way.'

'Where is half way?' asked Bill cautiously.

'You know you said Mr. Bates would give us the hens if we asked him. Well, I will ask him, in the name of the crowd, and tell him you consented to compromise for my sake.'

Bill laughed, and Alf, after trying to look sulky, gave in and laughed too.

'You mean what you said, I suppose, didn't you?' asked Ben innocently.

'Maybe we didn't quite,' said Bill. 'But I'll tell you what we will do, honest, true blue, since you are so fond of asking favors. If you will get around the old fellow and coax him to take the crowd up the river some night in his new sail-boat, why we will let the chickens roost in peace this year, won't we, Alf?'

Alf agreed, and the bargain was struck.

The next day when Ben, with some shamefacedness, made his request to Mr. Bates, it was met with a chilling refusal.

'I don't wonder,' said Ben to himself, as he left the house. 'It must have sounded very cool to him; but somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world for me, till I opened my mouth to ask, and my courage al-

most failed me. I am glad it didn't; I have shown my good will, anyway.'

Widow Holcomb's farm lay next to the Bates', and as Ben passed, the old lady was standing on the porch, turning an anxious eye, first on the gathering clouds and then on the great hay-waggon which stood at her barn door.

'I am afraid they won't get the half of it in in time,' she said. 'A man promised me to be here, but he has not come. Isn't it too bad?'

'Let me help,' said he, 'I can pitch hay like a breeze.'

Before she could remonstrate, he had gone to work, and at the end of an hour, the waggon was empty, while the shower still held off. Mrs. Holcomb was voluble in her thanks, following Ben to the gate with them.

'Oh, that is nothing' said he, bowing himself off, cap in hand. 'It would be a pity, if I could not do this much for neighborliness.'

Some distance down the road he came to another standstill.

'If I know a cow when I see her, this is Mr. Bates' brag Alderney. She must have got out of bounds; I shall have to give her a hint that she is going the wrong way.'

The animal, however, was very slow to take the hint; and Ben was glad enough when one of the farm hands presently came to his aid, and they managed together to get her back to her quarters.

'Is anything alse going to happen, do you suppose?' thought Ben. 'If it does, I am in for a ducking this time. Listen to the thunder!'

Hurrying along from the opposite direction came little Frances Bates, her progress much impeded by the gusts of wind, and an armful of bundles, and with a very unhappy expression on her small scared face. Just as she reached Ben, the topmost parcel tumbled over in the dust, and the shock scattered the others. This was too much for Frances' powers of endurance; she stood stockstill in the road and began to cry.

'Don't cry,' said Ben. 'Nothing has spilled. See, here, they all are safe, and I will carry the whole business home for you, and you into the bargain. When you are running an accommodation train,' he added to himself, 'one stop, more or less, needn't matter. And besides, Frances will probably not object so strongly to our making good time, as our last passenger did.

Ben had to stand a deal of chaffing from the boys, when they heard of the result of his visit to Farmer Bates. Alf never tired of going over the interview. He was encouraged by shouts of laughter. On the second day at recess, Mr. Bates himself came along. To the boys' surprise, he stopped at the fence, and beckoned to Ben.

'See here, my young friend,' he said,' laying his hand on Ben's shoulder, 'after you left me the other day, I had a sermon preached on neighborliness. I am not too old to listen to preaching, and so I think I can very well afford to let you boys have my boat some evening next week. Which evening shall it be?'

Ben was too much taken by surprise to answer.

'Come over here, young gentlemen,' said Mr. Bates, raising his voice, and in a moment the whole group were gathered at the fence.

'What night next week will you take your sail up the river?'

The choice was made in a very subdued manner.

'I make a pet of this boat of mine,' said Mr. Bates, preparing to go, 'I am depending on you boys to keep it ship-shape for me. From what I know of Ben here, I think I may trust the rest of you.'

'You may trust us all this time, and it would be safe, I guess, to trust him every time. He's got the right colors, you know, and he sticks to them like plaster.'

It was Alf who said it.—Exchange.

What a Button Did.

I have been reading about a boy in America who, during his school-days, once attended a Gospel meeting on a Saturday evening. He felt for the first time his great need of salvation and after he went home he could get no relief from his distress till he cried out: 'Lord, I have done all I can do; if I am to be saved, Thou must do it.' His whole heart went with the words, and God heard him, and from that time onward his dearest wish was to be able to bring others into the same happy experience.

Charles Replogle, for that was his name, often thought of the people in such lands as India and Africa, and wondered if God would ever open up the way for him to preach in one of them. God did want him and his wife as missionaries, but it was to a very different country He sent them—far away to the north, among the Indians of Alaska, in the very north-west of North America, where there is a great deal more snow and ice than we should think quite comfortable.

When reading or hearing of missionary work, I am always specially anxious to find out what is being done for the young people; and I was much interested in the loving care Mr. and Mrs. Replogle took over the boys and girls. The grown-up heathen Indians were far from being honest or truthful; and so when the children came to school it was found that they too were not only deceitful, but that, when they could do so without being seen, they often took things which were not their own. The result of this was that the teachers had been in the habit of keeping all cupboards and other private places carefully locked.

Mr. Replogle soon felt that to treat the pupils as if they were always under suspicion was hindering them from becoming honest and frank, as we should expect to see their American or English brothers and sisters. So, besides teaching them to be honorable and obedient, he told them that he was going to trust them. All the keys were put away, and everything was left within the reach of the scholars. Some of the other white people did not think this wise—indeed, they were sure that the new missionaries would soon come back to their way of doing; but you will be glad to know that these prophets of evil proved to be false prophets. All the boys and girls were not as good at first as they ought to have been; but it was never found necessary to use the keys again. They felt that it would be a shame to deceive friends who trusted them, and a much happier feeling soon pervaded the whole school.

There was no more stealing, and when the boys and girls were asked anything, their answers could be relied upon.

It was soon found that the way into the hearts of the children was the way into the hearts of the grown-up people also; and as the missionaries never forgot, with all their kindness, to keep the name and the love of the Lord Jesus Christ always in the front, the little company of believers quickly grew larger. The people were so much in earnest that they were not content with the services in the mission-house, and began to have cottage-meetings in their homes, just like those which many of you have seen in our own country.

RENEWAL BARGAINS

The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate January 31st should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

So deep was the interest that for a whole year there were conversions regularly, the smallest number in any week being five.

One day an Indian took a great fancy to one of the buttons on Mr. Replogle's coat, which you will no doubt think was a rather curious thing to happen, and certainly was very awkward for the garment. As soon, however, as the missionary understood the man's wish, he took out his knife, cut off the button, and handed it over. People said that if he was going to act in that way, he would soon have nothing left, for it would become known, and everyone would be begging something. But he had faith in God to protect him, and God honored his trust. The Indian had never been treated in that way before, and could not forget it. If Christianity made people as kind as this, he wanted to be a Christian too. Not only so, but he became a good preacher to his own people, and also brought some of them to the Saviour.

Another result of the giving away of that button was that Mr. Replogle, and his wife and little boy, were adopted into the tribe to which the Indian belonged. When this was done it was thought necessary to give them Indian names, and so Mr. Replogle was called Dah-ke-a-kah, his wife, Wak-is-teen, and their son Dis-ke-a-kah. Later, when an opportunity came, they chose this new white-faced member to be chief of the tribe, because of the love they had for him, and their confidence that he was the best leader they could find. What a great proof it was of the way in which God had blessed His work among them, and what splendid opportunities it gave him for teaching and persuading those who were still heathen!

On one of Mr. Replogle's trips along the coast, to reach the people far away from the mission-house, an incident happened from which you may learn a good lesson. For some days there was so little wind that they could make little progress, and one night, after casting the lead several times in the darkness, they found themselves in shallow water; so, heaving out the anchor, they thought all was right, and went to bed. Awaking after some hours, they felt to their surprise, that the boat was drifting. Getting up to see what was wrong, they found that their anchor had been made fast not to the bottom of the sea, but to some floating beams of wood, and that they had drifted to within twenty feet of some rocks. If we are to be safe we must see that our anchor is on the Rock, Christ Jesus.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul,
Stedfast and sure while the billows roll;
Fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
Grounded firm and deep to the Saviour's love.

Do not forget to think and pray for the missionaries in what you may think unattractive fields, those who go to the cold frozen north as well as to the sunny south.—London 'Christian.'

Bertie's Lesson.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table, and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor, and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window, looking out moodily upon the lawn.

How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was! Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch! What a weary prospect it was to look forward to a whole hour and a half!

Outside, the spring sunlight was on the fields, and the wind was crooning merrily among the young leaves, and the birds were chirruping oh! so gaily, as they flew hither and thither. It annoyed him to think that everything seemed so blithe and gay and happy while the day was passing so slowly and wearily for him.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. 'Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?' said he. 'Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something.'

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and rooks high up in the great trees, and robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom the stableboy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

'Do you know why they are all so happy, Bertie?' he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

'It is because they are all busy, doing something. The birds are building their nests, or are gathering the materials for doing so. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for one hour and see how the time slips by!'

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in, and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomphished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. But lo and behold! Was it true? He could hardly believe his own eyes! The hands of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour! And it seemed to him only a quarter of an hour since he had been on the lawn with his father!

He ran out of the room singing at the top of his voice, and he enjoyed his game of tennis with his sister Rosie that afternoon more than he had ever enjoyed it before.—'Light in the Home.'

Shep.

Shep is a 'really, truly' dog— a Scotch Collie shepherd. When he was two months old he came to live at the Walker farm, where he is the special property of Fred and Ted, the Walker twins.

He passed safely through the puppy stage, when his highest ambition was not only to carry off all shoes and rubbers left within his reach, but to catch hold of the clothes hung on the line to dry; and grew at length into a fine speciment of his breed—a large dog with shaggy black hair and well-marked tan points.

One warm day in summer the twins came disconsolately upon the veranda.

'I wish we had some one to play with,' wailed Ted.

'I should think there would be lots of things two boys could play,' said aunty, smiling.

'We've played everything we know that just two can play,' grumbled Fred, 'Just two can't have any fun, hardly.'

'I wish there were six of us, just like the Brown boys,' put in Ted. 'They have just piles of fun.'

'Why, when there are three of you?' asked aunty.

'What do you mean?' cried both boys at once.

'Don't you count Shep?'

'Why, of course, but he can't play games. He's an awful smart dog, though,' said Fred, loyally.

Shep knew that his name was mentioned and he cocked up his ears knowingly.

'Why don't you teach him to play hide-and-seek?' asked aunty.

'You don't suppose we could, do you, honestly?' They were all attention.

'Certainly. He's an unusually intelligent dog,' said aunty, as she laid her book aside. 'We'll go out to the barn now and give him his first lesson.'

Shep had been taught to hunt the boys when told to 'Go find Fred,' or 'Go find Ted,' and many times their mother had called him to her aid when they were nowhere to be seen. As she gave the command he would look into her face with almost human intelligence, give several short, sharp barks to show that he understood, and soon scent their tracks.

'I'll take Shep out behind the cornhouse to blind,' said aunty. 'When you are ready one of you must give a whistle as a signal.'

The whistle soon reached her ears.

'Go find them, Shep,' she said, but Shep was off without the order.

Around the barn he ran, nose to the ground, following the scent. Soon Ted was located in a barrel, and Shep expressed his satisfaction by leaning wildly about and uttering short, joyful barks.

'Go find Fred,' said aunty.

In a few minutes Fred was found in a horse manger.

The next game Shep went first to the barrel and then to the manger. Not finding the boys in either of these places he began a general search.

Several games were played, the twins always hiding in the barn, and aunty taking Shep each time out behind the corn-house to 'blind.'

Finally Shep understood his part so well that he did not wait for aunty, but as soon as he had found the boys, trotted off to the corn-house by himself. Here he waited until he heard the whistle.

When supper-time came it was hard to tell which of them had enjoyed the game most, Shep, the twins, or aunty.

'That was more fun than we'd have had with a crowd of boys,' said Ted, as they were going into the house in answer to the supper bell.

'And the best of it is, Shep does all the blinding,' added Fred. 'I've always hated that.'

Shep looked up knowingly into each of the three faces, wagging his tail.

'I believe he's really anxious for another game,' said aunty, laughing.

'Say, aunty,' said Ted, as they came to the house, 'why can't you write it up so other boys can teach their dogs to play hide-and-seek, too?'

'Oh, please!' cried Fred. 'See, Shep wants you to, too. Don't you, Shep? Say, "yes," then.' And Shep solemnly sat down, thrust out his forepaws, and bowed his head.—Jette M. Phelps, in 'Child's Hour.'

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

WHAT'S A WATCH WITHOUT A CHAIN?

To be sure, you don't tell the time by your chain, but nevertheless, a chain of some sort is a very necessary attachment for a watch. You can't very well carry your watch loose in your coat-pocket when you go skating, can you? We heard of one 'Pictorial' boy' who did, but the result wasn't entirely satisfactory. He forgot to give his watch to his chum before he fell down, and as might be expected, he came home a sadder, if not a wiser boy, his watch with neither glass nor hands to boast of.

Doubtless many of the boys who have earned our watches already have their chains, but for those who have not, and for those who will earn watches this month, we have secured a supply of neat, strong, White Metal Chains, that we can furnish on easy terms.

These Chains will give good service, as they will not tarnish like silver-plated chains—and they are a capital match for the nickel watch.

Free for selling only six 'Canadian Pictorials' at 10 cents each, or will be sent postpaid to any 'Witness' reader on receipt of twenty-five cents (25c) in cash.

Read our advertisement elsewhere about the Watch—and the Pen—and the Knife, and write us promptly for a package of 'Canadian Pictorials' to start your sales with.

You sell twelve for a knife, eighteen for a pen, twenty-four for a watch.

Cash in advance at the rate of ten cents per copy, secures the full number of papers and premium by return mail; otherwise we send in lots of not over twelve at a time, but forward second lot at once, just as soon as you remit for the first, and send your knife or watch or pen just as soon as you have earned it.

Orders promptly filled. Full instructions given.

Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, Sales Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Baby's Bed-time.

'It is Baby-boy's bed-time!' said Nurse, as she caught up little Fred and began to undress him for his warm bath.

Here he splashed about, and played boats with the soap-dish, till Nurse said he had 'done enough splashing for one night,' and lifted him out on to the warm towel, and dried him, and rubbed all his

yellow curls, till they stood up like fringe round his rosy face.

Then Nurse slipped the white nightgown over his head, and Baby-boy sat on her lap, and stared at the fire for a few minutes before going to bed. Baby-boy liked to stare at the fire: he always saw such funny things in the red coals.

'What do you see to-night, Baby-boy?' asked Nurse.

Very plenty things,' said Baby-boy, who was a poor talker, though he was nearly two years old.

'What sort of things?' asked Nurse.

'There's a ship!' said Baby-boy.

'That is to sail away to daddy in India,' said Nurse.

'And a big, big doggie!' said Baby-boy.

'That is to guard the house while Baby sleeps,' said Nurse.

'And a moo-cow!' went on Baby-boy, still staring at the coals.

'That is to give milk for Baby's breakfast,' said Nurse.

'Let me see,' said Nurse, turning towards the grate. 'Ah! I see a dear little cot, with a pretty quilt on it, and a dear little frilled pillow, and'—here she jumped up, with Baby-boy in her arms—'and that is meant for Baby to sleep in!'

She laid Baby-boy down in his cot as she spoke, and in another minute he was fast asleep.—'Leading Strings,' Wells Gardner, Daston & Co.

Pet's Sunday Walk.

It was Sunday morning, and Pet had watched her father and mother go down the street to church. Aunt Helen was reading a book, and did not hear till Pet had said twice: 'Aunt Helen, will you please put on my coat and hat? I want to take my dolls for a walk. They ought to have the air. I wish I could take them all, but old Dinah must go. She's been sitting up all night, and the baby can't be left alone.' So she went out, with Black Dinah in one hand and the baby doll tucked under the other arm, its long white dress nearly reaching to the ground.

'Where shall I take you' my dears?' she asked. 'Don't the bells sound pretty? There are lots of folks out to-day. Oh, yes, they are going to church, of course. I went once. You have to sit real still and not talk—only in a whisper, when you have to say something to mother. And there's a great big thing that holds the music, and some people stand up in front of it and sing. There's a man in a box with cushions, who talks and talks, till you go fast asleep. Then father puts a silver penny in your hand and you wake up and put it on a plate that a man brings to you, and by and by you come home. It's real fun. I'll take you both some time, if you'll be very good. Why, I think we'll go to-day. It isn't very far.'

So she went on down the street. The bells were still, and the people all had gone out of sight as the little girl with her dolls climbed the steps of the church and stood a minute at the door.

'I want my father, but I can't find him all myself,' she said to a man who came to her. Slipping away from him, she started up the aisle, looking from one side to the other till she stood in front of the man in the box with cushions.

In a hush that followed the singing a shrill little voice rang out: 'Can you tell me where my father is sitting?'

The minister looked down on the child with her dolls, and couldn't think of anything appropriate to say; but there was no need, for a man came hastily up the side aisle and held out his hand to Pet.

'Why, here he is now! I thank you very much,' she said, nodding her head to the minister as she trotted off, holding her father's hand.—Sunbeam.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Fay-Folk.

Some nights I try to keep awake
To see how fairies really look.
(You have to watch so sharp and still,
So says my mamma's Fairy book.)

I squint my eyes a tiny space
And then I see them—one by one--
Come trooping in from Fairyland
With funny little hop and run.

They nod and whisper to themselves—
Then scamper off across the floor
As if they'd never, never seen
A little boy like me before!

Yet if you ask me how they look—
Somehow I cannot seem to tell;
For pretty soon they've slipped away—
And then I hear the breakfast bell.

—Laura Simmons, in 'Lippincott's.'

The Little Tin Soldier.

Once upon a time there were twenty-five tin soldiers, who were all brothers, for they had been made out of the same old tin spoon. They shouldered arms and looked straight before them, and wore a splendid uniform, red and blue. The first words they ever heard were 'Tin soldiers!' uttered by a little boy, who clapped his hands with delight when the lid of the box in which they lay was taken off. They were given him for a birthday present. The soldiers were all alike, excepting one, who had only one leg; he had been left to the last, and then there was not enough of the melted tin to finish him, so they made him to stand firmly on one leg.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, including a pretty little paper castle. Through the small windows the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle a number of little trees surrounded a piece of looking-glass, which was intended to represent a lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake, and were reflected in it. All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she, also was made of paper, and she wore a dress of clear muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders just like a scarf. In front of this was fixed a glittering tinsel rose, as large as her face. The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg.

'That is the wife for me,' he thought; 'but she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in, twenty-five of us altogether, that is no place for her. Still, I must try and make her acquaintance.' Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuff-box, so that he could peep at the little delicate lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the pencil jumped about the table. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and began to talk, and in poetry too. Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on tiptoe, with her arms stretched out, as firmly as he did on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her for a moment. the clock struck twelve and, with a bounce, up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin, for the snuff-box was a toy puzzle.

'Little tin soldier,' said the goblin, 'don't wish for what does not belong to you.'

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

'Very well; wait till to-morrow,' said the goblin.

When the children came in next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin who did it, or the draught, is not known, but the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier into the street beneath. It was a terrible fall; for he came head downwards, his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air. The servant-maid and the little boy went downstairs to look for him; but he was nowhere to be seen, although once they nearly trod upon him. If he had called out, 'Here I am,' it would have been all right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys happened to pass by, and one of them said, 'Why, here is a tin soldier. He ought to have a boat to sail in.'

(To be continued.)

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sahor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

INFANT DOLLS' INDOOR SUITS.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

B. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. My grandpa sends me the 'Messenger.' I have been going to school for three months, and am in the senior first class. I have a dog called Major. He growls when I take out my air-gun.

W. H. McCLINTON.

Y., Michigan.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm of two hundred and forty acres. 'Mill Creek' runs through it, so there is a little land that we cannot work. We live back from the road about a quarter of a mile. It is very pleasant here in the summer, the creek is so close, and a nice wood. We have some good skating on the creek in the winter.

I have a mile and three-quarters to go to school. I am eleven years old, and am in the sixth grade.

MABEL MARTIN.

[The answer you give is right, Mabel. Your riddle has been asked before.—Ed.]

L. E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for about twenty years, and I have never written to it before. I am ten years old, and am in the sixth grade.

My father has a very pretty colt named Togo; he has not had it harnessed in a sleigh yet, but I think he will put it in this winter. My father is lumbering some time this winter. I have three sisters and three brothers. I see all the other boys and girls sending riddles, and I guess I will send some too.

1. What is blacker than a crow?

2. If a goat were to swallow a rabbit, what would be seen if viewed with X rays?

CORA B. McLAUGHLIN.

L., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am nine years old. I went to school in Bruce, Wisconsin, and I was in the third reader. I came from there to L. We were two nights and one day coming here. I have two sisters living, and one brother dead.

JEAN COOKE.

S. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty place; there are three schools here, two primary departments, and two advanced. There are two churches and one chapel. There is also a lumber mill, and lots of lumber shipped away in vessels, steamers, and barques. The harbor freezes in winter, and the people go skating. One steamer calls here twice a week, and there is another one coming in the spring. I will close with a riddle: Why do little birds in their nests agree?

ELLA CORNOR.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl five years old. My birthday was the 30th of November. I have a pet cat and I call her Muff, and I have four dolls to play with. I have one brother and one sister, both older than myself. As I have not learned to write yet, I am getting my sister to write this for me. Well, I will close with a riddle: What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark?

BLUE EYES.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is very cold here now, and there will soon be sleigh riding.

I think H. is a nice place to live in, for it is such a pretty country. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a few books.

MABEL GRAINGER.

[Your riddle has been asked, Mabel.—Ed.]

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—My home is near a harbor along Northumberland Strait. I have just five minutes walk to the schoolhouse, and three to the church. My papa keeps the post-office, and has a saw mill, which he invented and built himself. It cuts 250 logs a day.

CLAIRE B. CHAPMAN (aged 9).

I., Me.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' has been in our family for over twenty years. We like it very much, and would not like to do without it. I live on an island; it is about fifteen miles long, and I think it is a very pretty place. It is in the Ponobscot bay. My father is a farmer. In the summer we have four horses, seventeen cows, fifty pigs, and about one hundred hens. I am twelve years old.

The answer to Ethel Jolliette's first riddle is a bear. Nellie Gidley's is the city of Milwaukee. I will close with some riddles:

1. When is a man thinner than a lath?

2. What is it that the more you take away the bigger it grows?

RALPH CROSBY.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm containing 240 acres. We have a large wood containing 40 acres. There are lots of squirrels and rabbits in the winter, and occasionally you will see a fox.

The answer to Greta Harlow's first riddle is a road; second is a row of teeth.

L. SPEERS.

[The riddles sent have been already asked. —Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Helena D. Keith (aged 6), W., Ont.

2. 'A Flag.' Willie Halpenny, T., Ont.

3. 'A Proud Flag.' Vinton Mandigo (aged 14), I., Ind.

4. 'Three-masted Schooner.' Stewart H. Reid, R., N.S.

5. 'A Spring Flower.' Laura Dunbar (aged 9), P., Ont.

6. 'A Spruce Tree.' John Phillips (aged 12), H. S., Ont.

7. 'A House.' Jeanetta M. Ferguson (aged 7), O., Ont.

8. 'Rooster Pooster.' Peter Robertson, R. P., P. E. I.

9. 'Polly.' Blanche West (aged 10), L., N.S.

10. 'The Introduction.' Maynard Parker (aged 13), M., N.S.

11. 'Butterfly.' Hazel Carson, N., Alta.

12. 'Holy Bible.' Gertrude Treffy, H., Ont.

13. 'Bowl of Apples.' Frederick E. Bergman (aged 9). P., N.S.

14. 'A Cup.' Fred Tully, R., Man.

15. 'Our Bess.' Tena Thomson, C., Ont.

16. 'A Rooster.' Morrill Duncan (aged 12), L., Mass.

OTHER LETTERS.

Irene Tully, R., Man., tells about a very happy holiday time. She sends in two riddles: 1. Why is the 'Messenger' like an old carpet? 2. What part of a locomotive requires the most attention?

Jeannetta M. Ferguson, P., Ont., is the same age as Irene, only seven. She has something to tell about Christmas, too. This is a problem she sends: Take one from nineteen and leave twenty.

Hannie Crowell, S., N.S., sends in several riddles that have already been asked, but this seems like a new one: Why is wheat like a rose-bud?

Gertie M. C., from the same town, also sends in several riddles, two of which have not been asked: 1. When is a man like grass? 2. When is a window like a star? You seem to be a great reader, Gertie.

Bertha Affleck, D., P. E. I., sends in two of the riddles given by Gertie. Thanks for your good wishes, Bertha, and the Editor may as well take this opportunity to thank all those who have sent in kind greetings.

Mary E. Lampman, F., Ont., has no brothers or sisters, so gets 'pretty lonesome sometimes.' It's a good job that there is school to go to, isn't it, Mary? Your answer is right, but has been printed by now.

Luella McCalpin, M., Ont., answers Helen Fulton's riddle: When it is made up into little Pats. These are two riddles she sends: 1. Never still for a month, and mostly seen at night? 2. Of what trade is the sun? Your others have been asked, Luella.

Evelyn Olsen, M.F., Que., answers Caroline A. Davis's riddles, some correct and some wrong. She asks 'When is a ship in love?

Gordon McKay, B., N. Dakota, answers two riddles, of which the answers have since been given, and sends in this question: What State in U. S. is round at both ends and high in the middle? Gordon has a pony, and is very fond of riding on it.

I. Quance, H., Ont., answers Frederick Burford's riddle: The difference between a donkey and postage stamp is that the one you lick with a stick, and the other you stick with a lick. This is a riddle enclosed:

Black we are, but much admired,
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man.
Tell me this riddle if you can.

C. Harrison, K., Man., sends in two riddles, but one has been asked before. The other is: Use me well, and I am anybody, scratch my back and I am nobody.

Gordon Lampitt, S. F., Ont.; Rennie Dawson, D. S.; A. A. F., R., Ont.; and Bert Sutton, H., Ont., all send in riddles that have been previously asked, and Eleanor Hamlen, B., Man., sends in a riddle without its answer.

We also received short letters from Mabel K. Stephens, C., Ont., Albert Crossman, S., N. B., and Gordon Nichol, B., Man.

Just a word to the boys and girls—When you write to the 'Messenger,' see what you can tell about that will be quite different to what anyone else has written. Some of the letters are very good, because they have a nice little story to tell about something that happened to a friend, or to the writers themselves. Then when you send a drawing, be sure not to draw it on the back of your letter. If your letter has been left out this time, don't be discouraged, but write again.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 3, 1907.

Noah Saved in the Ark.

Genesis viii., 1-16.

Golden Text.

The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord.—Psalm xxxvii., 39.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 28.—Gen. vi., 1-22.
Tuesday, Jan. 29.—Gen. vii., 1-24.
Wednesday, Jan. 30.—Gen. viii., 1-22.
Thursday, Jan. 31.—Gen. ix., 1-19.
Friday, Feb. 1.—Isa. liv., 1-17.
Saturday, Feb. 2.—Matt. xxiv., 29-44.
Sunday, Feb. 3.—I. Pet. iii., 8-22.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

In the incomparable picture-gallery of the Scriptures there is no canvas like that which presents the ark and the Flood. It is too bold and tragic to be passed. It arrests and stirs the most indolent mind. Once caught upon the sensitive plate of a child's memory, it will never fade. Its unspeakable horror is mercifully mitigated by such gentle incidents as the door shut by God's own hand, the dove with olive branch, and the rainbow spanning all.

The Noachian Deluge only precipitated the inevitable. It was an act of Divine mercy as well as justice. In the great conflict foretold in Eden between the serpent's seed and the seed of God, the former were ascendant. The conditions were aggravated by intermarriage. The sons of God, the descendants of Seth, were lured by the siren daughters of Cain, so that they chose their wives irrespective of the Divine will. All the proverbial sin and sorrow of misalliance followed. The very physical hardihood of the offspring made their moral obliquity more deadly. Every conceivable lust was rampant. The seed of God was reduced to a paltry contingent. It was on the verge of extinction. The whole race, in fact, was committing suicide. It was destroying itself. Earth would have soon been like a desolate island whose sanguinary population had consumed itself through lust, murder, and cannibalism.

The Flood was a great mercy. It shortened the irretrievable misery of the race then living. It kept the seed of God alive. It was an object-lesson the world has never forgotten.

God's election to salvation is based upon the moral qualities of those whom He chooses. There is striking illustration of this in the character of Noah. He found grace in the eyes of the Lord, not through caprice and favoritism, but because in a wicked and adulterous generation he shone like a light, and lovingly held forth to a dying race the word which, if received, would have proved life to them. He was a just man and upright, and walked with God. He was fit to be the second Adam, the progenitor of a new and hopeful race. And to this end God spared him.

Noah's faith shines resplendent upon the rayless irreligion of his day. He showed his faith by his stupendous work. On dry land and far from the sea he built his colossal ship. He preached righteousness to the gaping and gibing crowd which curiosity brought from afar to his shipyard. He was persistent. He kept right on building and preaching for one hundred and twenty years. He built precisely according to the model shown him. He gathered in the supply of food for man and beast requisite for his long voyage. He selected and admitted the beasts and fowl as God directed. With seven souls he entered his strange prison, had its door shut to behind him by the Invisible Hand, and tarried in his weird environment undaunted, though seven days passed before the first raindrop pattered upon the roof. Sublime faith, that!

The 'log-book' of that unparalleled voyage is very brief. It takes only twenty-seven verses to narrate the novel and thrilling experience of three hundred and sixty-five days. Much riches are in little room. Imagination must be trusted to uncover them.

As Noah at length emerged from the ark, an inexpressibly sad and orphaned feeling must have affected his generous heart. Earth's desolation, how utter! In vain he listens for the sound of a human footfall. Not even a footprint is left. He finds relief in worship. He builds an altar on the dripping rocks of Ararat. Again his faith exemplifies itself. He had saved only a few specimens of clean animals; but he prepares to offer some of them, with the full assurance that God would supply their places, and see that the species did not become extinct. When the fragrance of that whole burnt offering came up before the Lord, He knew that Noah intended it should signify the complete devotion of himself, his descendants, and the renewed earth to God.

As a pitying Father, God graciously responded to the suppliant patriarch, allaying his fears with the assurance that the cataclysm just passed should never be repeated; the beneficent regularity of the seasons should know no interruption; human life should have a safeguard. God delegates His judicial power to man to this end. The first principle of human government is here irradiated in the statute, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

The Noachian covenant was now ready for its seal. God took the very substance which had destroyed the earth, and transmuted it into a royal signet to attest His promise never again to whelm the race. There it stood in all the dazzling splendor of its prismatic colors—an arrowless bow, bent toward heaven, the very vastness of its sweep signifying the 'wideness of God's mercy.' To all generations the ineffable and assuring words which first fell upon Noah's ears have resounded, 'This is the token of the covenant.'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. The Flood: bold and tragic picture.
2. Mercy as well as justice of it.
   Race exterminating itself through sin.
   Flood save the seed of God.
3. Ground of Noah's election to life.
   His moral qualities.
4. His resplendent faith.
   Preparations for the Flood.
5. The log-book of the Ark.
6. Noah's sacrifice; God's promise.
7. The token of the Covenant.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Rivet fidgety scholars this paragraph certainly will; it is so scenic. It fairly teaches itself. The natural method is to describe the condition of the race before the Flood; the superlative wickedness which made that wholesale destruction an act of mercy as well as of justice; how the irretrievable misery of the human family, which had doomed itself, was cut short, and a chance given to begin anew under happier auspices.

* * * *

Noah's upright character can be made to shine against the universal degeneracy of his times. It proves one can be good in spite of one's environment. A boy can keep his lips unsullied, though the air around him is blue with profanity. He need not lie, nor cheat, nor gamble, though those with whom he is thrown in school, shop, or store all do. If he keep upright, he will prove God's instrument of good to his fellows.

* * * *

Implicit and persistent was Noah's obedience. He showed his faith by his works. He never grew weary in well-doing under circumstances calculated to try him to the uttermost. So his name richly deserves to be engraven on that tall obelisk, Hebrews xi., reared to the heroes of faith. His very character and course was in itself an indictment and condemnation of the world before the Flood.

* * * *

Heir to two worlds, Noah stepped out of the ark sole monarch and proprietor of all he surveyed with the natural eye, and beyond that, the better inheritance, even the heavenly. So God rewards—a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting.

* * * *

A bone of contention has ever been the question whether the Flood was universal or not. The arguments pro: (1) Natural conclusion from language of Scripture. (2) No evidence to prove that the population of earth was confined to a limited locality. (3) Impossibility of piling the waters up in such manner as to cover the mountains. (4) No need of taking birds into the ark, if Deluge was only local. Arguments Contra: (1) Universal Deluge unnecessary to accomplish the end designed. (2) Ark could not have given room for every species. (3) To cover highest mountains, water must needs be five miles deep. Ten miles added to the diameter of earth would destroy the equipoise of the system. (4) Universal prevalence would have produced change of climate. (5) Overflowing of salt water would destroy plant life, and fresh water animal life.

* * * *

Still pending is the case, with the drift of the best modern comment however decidedly in favor of a local Deluge. The rocks bear the incontrovertible testimony to the possibility and reality of such a Flood as Genesis describes. Huxley, in his Lay Sermon, No. IX., graphically describes such a cataclysm. M. Figuier affirms that the Asiatic Deluge occurred after the appearance of man. A vulgar infidelity has had its laugh at Noah and his ark; but he laughs best who laughs last.

* * * *

Corresponding to the testimony of the rock is the testimony of tradition. Humbolt says that ancient traditions of the Flood are dispersed over the whole surface of the globe.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 3.—Topic—What Christian Endeavor means, to me and to the world. Phil. ii., 1-18. Christian Endeavor Day. (Consecration meeting.)

Helping the Pupil in His Home

Few scholars have home help in lesson study. The Christian home neglects to help; the non-christian one cares little about it. The scholar is urged in the class to 'study at home,' tries to do it, does not know clearly what is meant by it, or what the teacher's standard of 'study' may be, and, after a few discouraging efforts, ceases to try. Here is the teacher's opportunity. A few minutes of this week-day time spent by the scholar's side in his home, as friend with friend showing him how to study his lesson, how to use the lesson leaf with his Bible, and to make the most of both, will give the scholar the needed clew, and possibly form within him the beginning of a habit of home study. The trouble with most boys and girls is not so much an indisposition to study the Bible as it is in not knowing how and to what extent it should be studied. The requirement of the day school for home study is easily submitted to, but the day school teacher wisely sets a definite task, and trains in methods of study. One by one, by the expenditure of a little effort, the scholars of a Sunday school class may thus be reached and started upon a better way. It is the personal visit and help of the teacher that counts, and such visitation is worth all the copyrighted study schemes on the market.—From Dr. Hamill's 'Sunday School Teacher.'

One should attempt to teach only what he can teach. A lesson is not made by teacher and pupils entering together in the lesson hour upon an investigation in which both are groping in the dark. To try to explain the thing that is not understood is a dangerous experiment.—Axtell.

THE CLUB PRICE OF 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' AND 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' IS $1.00.

Edward Bok's Testimony.

Edward Bok, editor of the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' took a characteristic way of arguing himself into total abstinence. He says:

'As I looked around and came to know more of people and things, I found the always unanswerable argument in favor of a young man's abstinence; that is, that the most successful men in America to-day are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips. Becoming interested in this fact I had the curiosity to inquire personally into it; I found that of twenty-eight of the leading business men in the country, whose names I selected at random, twenty-two never touched a drop of wine. I made up my mind that there was some reason for this. If liquor brought safe pleasures, why did these men abstain from it? If, as some say, it is a stimulant to the busy man, why do not these men, directing the largest business interests in the country, resort to it? And when I saw that these were men whose opinions in great business matters were accepted by the leading concerns of the world, I concluded that their judgment in the use of liquor would satisfy me. If their judgment in business matters could command the respect and attention of the leaders of trade on both sides of the sea, their decision as to the use of liquor was not apt to be wrong.'

Upon Dry Ground.

(Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

'Eh! but it was a grand sermon to-night, a grand sermon,' said Peter Blake, who was sipping his whiskey-punch, and smoking his clay pipe late on Sunday night, and consequently was inclined to look at life generally through rose-colored spectacles.

'Who preached, father?' asked Rhoda, his cherished and only child.

'Oh, a stranger, of course. We don't get such sermons from our own parson, goodness knows. Rhoda, I haven't patience with that fellow.'

'And what was the sermon about, father?'

'It was all about the Israelites going through the Red Sea. The text was, "And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground," and the preacher showed how the Red Sea was a type of the sea of life, and that we ought to pass through it on dry ground, without letting the water of sin touch our feet or the hem of our garments. He said that the way for the ransomed to pass over was as dry as the way over the Red Sea, and that it was our duty to walk in our path, and to keep clear of the walls of water on either side of us. Oh! I wish you could have heard him, child. He worked it all in as neatly as a puzzle, and when he described the scene of the Hebrews going over the sea, upon my word, you could see it all for yourself.'

The enmity betwixt Blake and his spiritual pastor had arisen in this wise; Peter was in many ways an excellent man, and the weak point in his armor was his fondness for his glass. Not that he ever got drunk—Peter would have scorned the action—but he took systematically more than was good for him, and nightly refused to retire to rest without his 'night-cap' of whiskey-punch. And not only did he indulge in this pernicious habit, but he insisted on Rhoda's joining him, and having a small glass herself every night— a most unwise insistence in the upbringing of a motherless girl. The pastor had taken upon himself to remonstrate with this folly of Peter Blake's, and Peter had violently resented such interference; and had further informed the rebuking cleric that every man was his own master, and that if he (Peter) were so minded, he would not only drink whiskey-punch, but would wash in it; and he was mortally offended when the pastor pointed out that such a use of the liquid might do him less harm than the drinking thereof.

But on this special Sunday evening a stranger had preached at the parish church, much to the delight of Master Blake, who dearly loved to have his ears tickled with a good sermon. And as the appreciative listener was meditating upon the eloquent discourse by his own fireside, the combined fumes of the clay pipe and the whiskey-punch proved too much for him, and he dropped off into a sound slumber. Then it came to pass that he dreamed a wonderful dream.

He dreamed that he saw a strange crossing swept across a dark and dreadful sea; the black waters stood up like walls on either side, but the pathway was quite dry, and shone like gold, and the crossing-sweepers were white-robed angels, who, with their golden brooms, made way for the ransomed to pass through the waves of this troublesome world upon dry ground. The waters were dark and foul, but the angelic crossing-sweepers drove them back, so that they should not even stain the feet or soil the garments of travellers passing that way. On the other side of the crossing was a golden street, leading through pearly gates to the eternal city; and Peter perceived that the angels swept the crossing so clean that its sand shone almost as brightly as the pavement of the golden street beyond. But some of the travellers persisted in wandering so near to the edge of the pathway that their feet were met with the filthy water, and then they carried the mud on to the crossing, and so all the sweepers' work was wasted; for though the sand shone like the heavenly street when it was dry, the minute that a drop of water touched it, it turned into vile, earthly mud, and then the angels had much ado to sweep it clean again. Peter also perceived that when a traveller reached the further shore, the porters of the pearly gates looked to see if his shoes and garments were clean. If they were, he straightway entered the gates, amid much rejoicing and ringing of bells, but if he had brought some of the unclean mud clinging to him, the door-keepers sorrowfully shook their heads, for none might tread the shining streets whose steps could in any way defile their purity. Then the disappointed wayfarers had to turn away and go elsewhere, whither Peter knew not, to find if peradventure they might yet become clean enough to walk in white in the eternal city.

There was one man whose peculiar behaviour practically attracted Peter Blake's notice. This remarkable person kept clear of the over-curling walls of water—but he carried in his hand a small watering-can, with which he continually sprinkled the golden sands, mottling them, wherever his unholy baptism fell, with little splashes of mud. No sooner had one of the angel sweepers burnished anew the golden path for some fresh traveller, than this pestilent fellow followed after him with his watering-can, and marred the way with unsightly patches of slush, so that the wayfarers could not keep their footsteps clean in spite of all the efforts of the white-robed crossing-sweepers. Peter was astonished beyond measure at the long-suffering of the angels, who never interfered with the man, but strove patiently to repair the mischief he had wrought. But, alas! they oftentimes strove in vain, for when once a traveller's feet had walked through the sludge no angel's broom could brush them clean again. That was beyond the powers of even angelic crossing-sweepers.

Suddenly Peter Blake's attention was riveted by the sight of his own Rhoda starting to go over the wonderful crossing. He was delighted to see that the angels had swept it extra clean for her, so that her little feet seemed to be treading a pathway of burnished gold. His only child was the very apple of Peter's eye, and he watched his own little pilgrim's progress with all a parent's anxiety. It was a comfort to him to note that she kept far away from the huge, overhanging waves, which looked as if they would fall every minute and engulf all beneath them; but what was his horror to perceive that the watched man with the watering-can was walking in front of Rhoda, and spotting the yellow pathway before her with his horrid little splashes of mud. This was more than Master Blake could endure, especially when he noticed that the dark slime was beginning to attach itself to his own darling. So he expressed his indignation in no measured terms, to a crossing-sweeper, who happened to be standing near, and begged the shining one to interneddle.

The angle shook his head sorrowfully.

'Yes, it is very sad,' he said, 'but we can do nothing. We are not permitted to interfere.'

'Not permitted to interfere!' exclaimed Peter. 'Why, I know I'd soon interfere if I were you.' He was so excited about Rhoda that he quite forgot he was speaking to an angel.

But the crossing-sweeper was too sorry to be offended.

'Don't you see,' continued Peter, 'that the fellow's filthy can is dirtying the path which my Rhoda has to tread, so that when she reaches the other side her garments will be soiled, and the door-keepers will refuse to open the gates to her? It is not only himself that the fellow is harming—no one would care about that—but it is my child who will suffer.'

'I know,' replied the angel. 'That is the pity of it.'

'Then why don't you speak to him?' shouted Peter.

'I cannot,' sighed the crossing-sweeper, leaning sadly on his broom. 'He would not like it. Every man is his own master, you see, and will have his own way. It seems a pity, I know, as nine times out of ten a man's own way is the wrong way; but a man will take his own course all the same. We angels cannot understand it.'

But by this time Master Blake was in a perfect passion.

'Well, you see, it is my child, and not yours, that is being injured by that blundering fool!' he cried. 'So I can tell you that if you don't interfere, I shall—and—'

'Wish you would,' said the angel (very kindly, considering how rudely he had been spoken to). 'Men are sometimes allowed to do things which are forbidden to us.'

Then Peter Blake—unable to control his rage any longer—made straight for his enemy. He seized the culprit by the collar and began to shake him; but his arm fell numb by his side, and his indignation turned to horror, when he found that the man to whom he was about to deal such well deserved punishment was none other than—himself.

Peter staggered back as if thunderstruck, and in so doing knocked the watering-pot out of the culprit's hand, and behold! as it emptied its contents upon the sands at his feet, changing their gold into black slime and mud, he perceived that the vessel had been filled with hot-whiskey punch!

'Why, father,' cried Rhoda's fresh young voice, 'what a mess you have made! You have fallen asleep, and have upset your punch all over the carpet.'

'Eh! so I have, so I have,' said her father, gazing thoughtfully at the dark stain which was creeping over the pretty carpet towards Rhoda's feet. 'Come away, come away!' he added hastily, clutching the girl by the arm, 'or it will wet your shoes.'

Rhoda laughed merrily.

'It wouldn't hurt if it did; it is only spirits, dad.' (But Rhoda had not seen what her father had seen).

'That is the worst of it, that it is only spirits,' said Peter, still gazing in fascinated horror at the dark stain. 'It is nasty stuff, Rhoda, nasty stuff! And understand, child, we'll never have another drop of it in the house as long as I live.'

And Peter Blake kept his word. Whiskey-punch was never seen inside his doors again, but from that hour temperance and soberness were to be among the foremost of his excellences.

Peter Blake had seen the drink as the angels see it, and in all its dark iniquity he loathed now the unclean thing. The vision was never to be forgotten, and its consequences would affect eternity. He was, however, very anxious to convince both himself and Rhoda of the fact that the Vicar's interference had nothing—and less than nothing—to do with this sudden reformation in the matter of punch-drinking. But this was a thing of no moment, as the Vicar himself had the wisdom to perceive.

For it matters very little how the lesson comes to us, or by whom we are taught; but it matters infinitely that we shall learn so to pass through things temporal that the things eternal are not finally lost to us, and so to traverse the waves of this troublesome world that through the grace of a loving God and Saviour we may go 'into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Running Away From Mamma.

Running away from mamma,
  Bareheaded up the street,
Kicking the dust into yellow smoke
  With little roguish feet,
Tossing it over his clean white dress,
  Into his stocking heels,
Checking the little wooden horse
  That trundles along on wheels.

Dreaming away with wide blue eyes,
  And speculating why
God won't give him the golden ball,
  That drops in the quivering sky.
What is the use of that pretty pink cloud,
  Sailing away so high.
If he can't have a ride in it?
  And it's no use to try.

If that woman grew with glasses on,
  If this house is papa's;
Why that nice red cow wont' talk to him
  Looking across the bars.
Into the neighbor's gates and doors,
  Under their cherry trees,
Into mischief and out again,
  Wherever he may please.

Wandering at last to the old church steps,
  Little horse and all,
Climbing up laboriously—
  Too bad if he should fall!
Pushing in with dimpled hands,
  The great doors strong and tall,
Letting the warm, sweet summer light
  Slide down the shadowed wall.

Standing still in the solemn hush
  Of chancel, knave and dome,
Thinking it is prettier
  Than the sitting room at home.
Not a bit afraid, ah! no, indeed,
  Of the shadows vast and dim.
Quite at home, and sure it was made
  All on purpose for him.

The old, old story comes up to me
  Written so long ago,
About the heavenly temple,
  Where you and I must go,
The beautiful waiting temple,
  That has no room for sin—
Something about a little child
  And the way of entering in.

—Selected.

Fun at Home.

Some one addresses parents in this way: 'If you want to ruin your boys, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshhold when they come home. When once home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere. If they don't get it at one place they will another. If they don't find it at their own hearthstones it will be sought in other, perhaps less profitable, places.'

Which leads us to say that there are varieties of 'fun.' If children demand a variety which is wholly contrary to the principles of Christian parents, should the parents sink their convictions and allow the offensive fun to proceed? Should Methodist parents, for instance, permit their children to play cards and give parlor dances at home? Some of them do so, but they are usually of the class who do so without any qualms of conscience. Ought other parents whose consciences forbid such amusements violate their consciences lest their children may seek these diversions in 'less profitable places?' We think not. Home is a place for discipline as well as for merriment. It is a school as well as a playground. Parents owe to their children an example and training that will stand them in hand in all their future years. Parents whose principles are of the jelly-fish order are not usually the ones who rear sons and daughters of the stalwart type.

Parents must be reasonable, and so must children. Fun and relaxation are good, and so are sane and wholesome employments. Home may have its sunshine without its shade of poison ivy. Good times are possible without an aftermath of perils. The fires may burn brightly on the dear home hearth without feeding them with the devil's kindling wood. The spirit of merriment in boys and girls may be fostered without directing it toward perdition. It is possible to make the home a shrine of sweet delight and loving remembrance without establishing within its sacred precincts a half-dozen Molochs where offerings are made to the gods of evil. Parents should be wise and very studious. They must consider the needs of their children. They must be able to give reasons for their attitude toward the injurious and debasing. They cannot expect to hold the respect of their offspring if they are either ignorantly and stubbornly strict, or recklessly and foolishly lax. As far as practicable, let them join with their children in all innocent and recreative diversions. Let them direct the tendencies, not simply curb them. If some varieties of fun must be suppressed, let other varieties that are better be cheerfully substituted. Children are usually rational creatures, and they heartily appreciate the efforts of sensible parents to provide the best things for their pastime and happiness. If children do not belong to this class, they are not likely to be helped toward correct lives by knocking down before them all the fences of restraint. —Michigan Christian Advocate.'

'Who Sweeps a Room?'

To improve the hygiene in the homes of the poor and prevent as far as possible the propagation of tuberculosis through dust, these rules have been issued by the New York Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis:

When you sweep a room raise as little dust as possible because this dust, when breathed, irritates the nose and throat, and may set up catarrh. Some of the dust breathed in dusty air reaches the lungs, making parts of them black and hard and useless.

If the dust in the air you breathe contains germs of consumption— tubercle bacilli— which have come from consumptives spitting on the floors, you run the risk of getting consumption yourself. If consumptives use proper spit-cups and are careful in coughing or sneezing to hold the hand or handkerchief over the nose and mouth so as not to scatter spittle about in the air, the risk of getting the disease by living in the same room is mostly removed.

To prevent making a great dust in sweeping, use moist sawdust on bare floors. When the room is carpeted, moisten a newspaper and tear it into small scraps, and scatter these over your sweeping. As you sweep brush the paper along by the broom, and they will catch most of the dust and hold it fast, just as the sawdust does on bare floors. Do not have either the paper or the sawdust dripping wet, only moist.

In dusting a room do not use a feather duster, because this does not remove the dust from the room, but only brushes it into the air, so that you breathe it in, or it settles down and leaves you the work to do over again.

Use soft, dry cloths to dust with, and shake them frequently out of the window, or use slightly moistened cloths and rinse them out in water when you have finished. In this way you get the dust out of the room.

In cleaning rooms you should remember that dust settles on the floors as well as on the furniture, and is stirred into the air we breathe by walking over them. You can easily remove all this dust in rooms which have bare floors, in houses, stores, shops, schoolrooms, etc., after the dust has settled, by passing over the floor a mop, which has been wrung out so as to be only moist, not dripping wet.

Bad Art, Worse Morals.

One of the worst features of the Sunday newspaper is its so-called 'comic supplement.' It splotches of crude color daubed over cruder drawings have nothing to do with art except to dwarf and deform all artistic ideas in the minds of those into whose hands they happen to come. The 'wit' of these atrocities is even coarser and more degrading than the pictures. How any boy or girl can be encouraged in a taste for these depraved and depraving supplements is a thing beyond understanding. It is almost as difficult to understand how self-respecting editors and owners of newspapers can so lower themselves for the sake of 'circulation.' The comic supplement is cheaply produced, and it catches the thoughtless and the empty minded, but that makes the responsibility for it all the heavier.

It is no necessary part of a real newspaper, as is proved by the fact that great newspapers can be maintained without it. And there is an art which is popular without being vicious. A recent exhibition of original drawings and paintings made for an illustrated weekly, has proved, if proof were needed, how the people respond to the self-respecting work of conscientious artists. There never was a more insulting libel on American intelligence than the one which takes it for granted that coarse and malicious practical jokes, illustrated by shockingly bad drawings, are all that the majority of the people, or even of the children, know how to appreciate. The exhibit above referred to gives the lie to that slander, and it is refreshing to know that not a few newspaper men are becoming ashamed of their part in the comic supplement's degradation of the popular taste.—'Epworth Herald.'

Religious Notes.

Dr. Josiah Strong tells us that there are now 439,729,838 Christians in the world. During the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era 100,000,000 people flocked to the standard of the Nazarene. In the succeeding three hundred years there was a similar gain, while during the past two hundred years the gain was 200,000,000, or equal to that of the previous eighteen centuries. After all, these figures are very encouraging.

Three of the Australian colonies have Bible teaching in the state schools, and the other three have an entirely secular system. In the former case the people appear to be perfectly satisfied and in the latter there is continual unrest and dissatisfaction. There is surely an explanation for this fact.

On the Indian frontier an Afghan mullah has been led to Christ by an Afghan Christian farmer, and was baptized on Christmas Day. A yellow-robed and long-bearded Hindu devotee, who used to distract the worship of the little congregation in the heathen town of Tinnevelly by his noisy drumming outside, and had to be 'moved on' by the police, was bap-

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tized in December in that very church. Another baptism of a Brahman student in Noble college is reported, accompanied by the same distressing opposition and hostile devices that marked the early baptism 50 years ago, and often since, but not accompanied, as in former days, by the emptying of the college, for Christian ex-Brahmin are not now uncommon, and when an Indian church council in 1905 appoints as pastor of the Lucknow Christian congregation an ex-Brahman clergyman who first learned of Christ in the Lucknow C. M. S. high school, few realize the immense significance of the act.

The Mohammedans of India are asking that if representation in the Councils of the Empire is to be given to the native, that it be on the basis of creed and not of numbers. The reason for this request is, of course, easy to see, as the Hindus in India outnumber the Mohammedans three to one. If the request were granted it would no doubt mean greatly restricted liberty in all forms of Christian work in India. But whether the request is acceded to or not the time is ripe for greatly increased activity and earnestness in Mission work among the Moslem peoples. The Mohammedan revival makes it more imperative that something be done at once in the Sudan, for instance.

A Child's Seriousness.

What we oftenest run athwart in the child, and daily offend, is his seriousness. I should not be astonished if this remark surprises more than one reader, for there is, alas! an impervious wall between the state of mind of most adults and that of a child. We do not take the child seriously. It is assumed that what concerns him is insignificant, that it is limited to certain unimportant events, things in miniature, which take place down where he is, far from those heights where the only things of consequence happen. 'That is childish, a bagatelle, a mere nothing,' we continually say.

O shortsighted creatures that we are, dull of sense and narrow of vision! How with our heavy tread do we crush the gracious blossoms of that garden of God called the heart of a child! We take ourselves seriously, our affairs are the affairs of moment, the child's are mere puerilities and play. But we deceive ourselves. No one is more serious than the child. Not the merchant over his accounts, the judge pronouncing sentence, the sage in meditation, or the faithful at prayer, is more serious than he. We might even make a saying: Serious as a child. . . .

Listen to this story: It is an old man's tale, but in the depths of his heart he still felt his childish wounds.

'I had committed one of those faults so natural to children and so little malicious in intent, however grave. In the presence of the family and some friends I had been dealt with firmly, as the offense merited, and in the face of my fault, acknowledged and bitterly regretted, I had burst into sobs. Then I was sent away. As I closed the door, still overwhelmed by what had happened, I heard behind me a great burst of laughter. Then I fled and hid in the farthest corner of the house, and wept my little heart out, that laugh had made me suffer so. From that day I lost the naive confidence it is so well to keep as long as we may; and over and over again I asked myself the question, "Are big people, then, not serious?"'

How many children could tell a like story! —Charles Wagner, in 'By the Fireside.'

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TOMATO RAREBIT.—This is a favorite chafing-dish delicacy. The materials are one cupful of canned or stewed fresh tomatoes, a very little onion chopped fine, one cupful of cheese broken in small pieces, salt and red pepper. Stew the tomatoes ten minutes, add the onion and the cheese. Cook until the cheese is soft; season, and serve on sippets of toast.

ECONOMICAL PLUM CAKE—WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of sugar, white or brown; one scant half-cup of shortening (beef drippings will do), one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda in milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful each of cloves and allspices; fruit (currants, raisins, citron and figs, if desired) rolled in flour.

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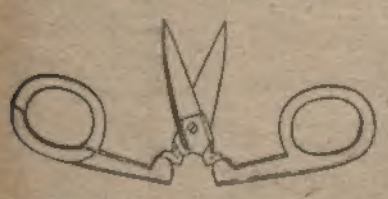
In any of these premium offers, a bonafide new subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' at $1.00 will, if desired, be taken as equal to two new 'Messenger' subscriptions.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.

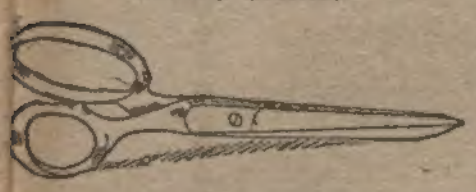


A handy addition to any work-basket. Every lady wants one.

One pair sent postpaid with only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and cents extra in cash, or separately to Messenger' subscribers for 50 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber who sends only two new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

CUTTING SHEARS.

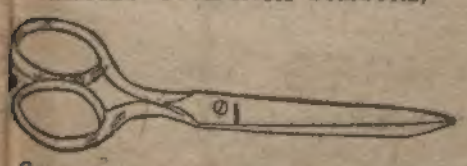


Eight inches long. Indispensable to the home dressmaker.

Sent postpaid with only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and 60 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at 90 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only three new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

LADIES' FIVE-INCH SCISSORS.



Good quality. A very useful article. One pair postpaid for only one full rate renewal to the 'Messenger,' and 40 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for 60 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending in only two new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

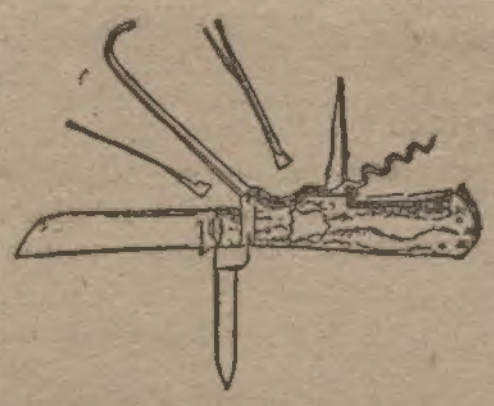
A USEFUL JACK-KNIFE.

Good, serviceable tool for an adult; while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Made by Jos. Rodgers, Sheffield, Eng. Two blades. The accompanying cut gives a good idea of make and style. The size of knife closed is nearly four inches.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 60 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Witness' subscribers at 75 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending four new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

FARMERS' AND SPORTSMEN'S KNIFE.



The combination comprises nine useful articles for everyday use on the farm:—Leather punch, screw driver, corkscrew, tweezer, bradawl, hook for cleaning horses' hoof, also hoof knife, and a large and small blade, all closing into a buckhorn handle, easily carried in the pocket. Manufactured in Sheffield, England. Might well be called the 'Farmer's Friend.'

Sent pospaid with only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and 95 cents extra in cash, or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at $1.20.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending one renewal and five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

A SERVICEABLE WATCH.

Reliable Nickel Watch—full size; satisfies any man, delights every boy. Stem-wind stem set; Ingersoll make—hour, minute and second-hand. Guaranteed. With care lasts for years.

Postpaid for only one renewal to 'Messenger' at 40 cents and $1.00 extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at $1.25.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

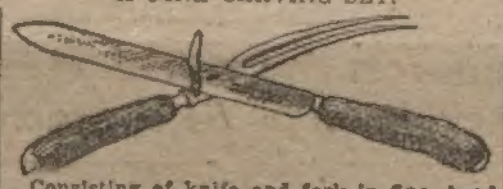
The prettiest, daintiest thing of the kind you have seen, consisting of three pins. These are not in the market at all, as we had a big manufacturer make to our order. The cut above shows actual size, but the cut gives no idea of beauty, or coloring of the original. Made in fine, hard enamel. Every young lady is charmed with them.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 35 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at 50 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only two new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

Or one renewal and one new subscription to the 'Messenger' and a Blouse Set to each subscriber, all for only $1.00.

A FINE CARVING SET.

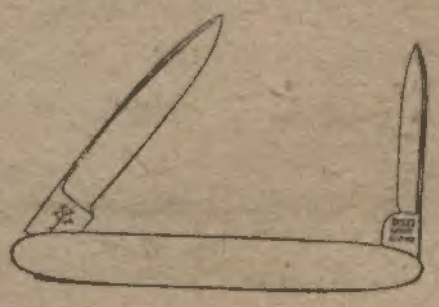


Consisting of knife and fork in fine, hard steel. Made in Sheffield, Eng. Blade, 8 inches long; fork has new spring guard that rises automatically. No more cut fingers—a big improvement on the old style—strong buckhorn handles—altogether a set to give satisfaction every day in the year for many years.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and $1.20 in cash; or separately to 'Witness' subscribers for $1.50.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only six new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and one renewal at 40 cents each.

LADIES' POCKET-KNIFE.



Light and strong; celebrated Boker make; plain, highly polished nickel case; two blades. A really dainty knife, two and a-half inches long.

This knife has no pearl to crack and come off, but will look well till the last.

Sent postpaid with only one renewal to the 'Messenger' and 35 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for 50 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending in only two new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH.

Beautifully colored, in fine hard enamel. A most popular premium, because so very easily secured. Just as good for the boys to wear on lapel of coat, as for the girls to wear at the neck.

Sent postpaid for one renewal to the 'Messenger' at forty cents and 15 cents extra; or separately for 20 cents.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only one bona fide subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents

Or send us $1.20 in payment of one renewal and two bona fide new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' and only six cents extra for postage and mailing, and we will send to the remitter for distribution three of these handsome brooches, one for each of the subscribers and an extra Maple Leaf Stick Pin for himself.

This should be an attractive offer to any boy or girl having two chums who do not take the 'Messenger' and who would thus share in the premium.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you have never used one of these new Combination Razors, you have no idea how handy they are, and what a luxurious shave you can get with one.

No risk of cutting—nothing to learn—nothing to adjust. Each set comprises twelve highly-tempered and keen-cutting blades, which can be honed and stropped, if desired, so that they will last for years. The whole outfit packed in neat leatherette box.

Sent postpaid for one renewal subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and $1.25 extra in cash; or for one renewal and one new subscription at 40 cents each, and $1.00 extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for $1.50.

Free and postpaid to an old subscriber sending in six new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

GOLD CUFF LINKS.

What every boy wants to have. Solid gold bar or lever style, 14 karat gold-filled, warranted 10 years. Retails at $1.00.

Sent postpaid for only one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents, and 70 cents extra in cash; or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers at $1.00.

Free and postpaid to any old subscriber sending only four new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

None of these premiums can be sent to the United States except the Bibles, the Fountain Pen, and the Watch—The others could only be sent at subscriber's own risk, customs charges to be paid by the receiver.

Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample Copies and Subscription blanks sent free on application.
Agents wanted everywhere to work on commission. Liberal terms.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

The 'Canadian Pictorial'

Enthusiasm for the new picture newspaper takes all kinds of forms. Among others the following:—

Friends immediately talk of it and show it to their friends:

We know this by the way the circulation grows in any place once the 'Pictorial' enters it.

Friends have sent it to friends at a distance:

Just a sample copy that they too might see what it was like, and these friends have in turn become subscribers.

Friends have subscribed for friends at a distance:

Taking advantage of our clubbing offers of three or more such subscriptions at fifty cents each, many have sent the 'Canadian Pictorial' to their friends at a distance and some of these lists show how widely scattered are some people's most immediate relatives.

Friends all:

All subscribers are friendly to the new paper and seem to take a pleasure in introducing it to their friends, that their friends also may be sharers with them in looking at the world and its ways through the cameras and kodaks employed in taking pictures for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Back numbers:

The call for back numbers also is evidence of the appreciation of its subscribers, who apparently do not want to miss a single copy with a view to binding it permanently, and a most interesting and valuable series of volumes the 'Pictorial' will make as the years go by.

No other paper in the world gives so many high class pictures for so small a subscription as $1 a year. A club of three or more subscriptions may be sent together at the rate of fifty cents each.

PICTURES that please — **The Pictorial Publishing Co.,** 142 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL. — **PICTURES** "that talk."

SPECIAL TO 'MESSENGER' SUBSCRIBERS

With regard to the above announcement the publishers have made arrangements by which our readers can obtain the 'Canadian Pictorial', **at a great reduction**, as follows:

	Regular Rate Per annum
The 'Canadian Pictorial'	**$1.00**
The 'Northern Messenger'	**.40**
	$1.40

Both for one year for only $1.00

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal
Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

For those 'Messenger' readers who get the paper through their Sunday Schools, or who, by sending in their subscriptions through neighborhood clubs, are getting the 'Messenger' at a special club rate, the following coupon is given that they may still secure the 'Canadian Pictorial' at a figure much below the publishers' regular price.

SPECIAL 'MESSENGER' OFFER

N.M. **This Coupon with 60 Cents does the work of a Dollar Bill**

The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Dear Sirs.—Enclosed please find **Sixty Cents** for which send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year. I am getting the 'Messenger' through a club.

Name.....

P. O.....

Prov.....

Date.....

N.B.—Where the remitter receives the 'Messenger' through a Sunday School, they will please give the name of the Superintendent or Pastor.

N.B.—These special offers ARE NOT AVAILABLE for Montreal and Suburbs, but are good for almost all the rest of the English speaking world. See Postal Regulations on Page 14.